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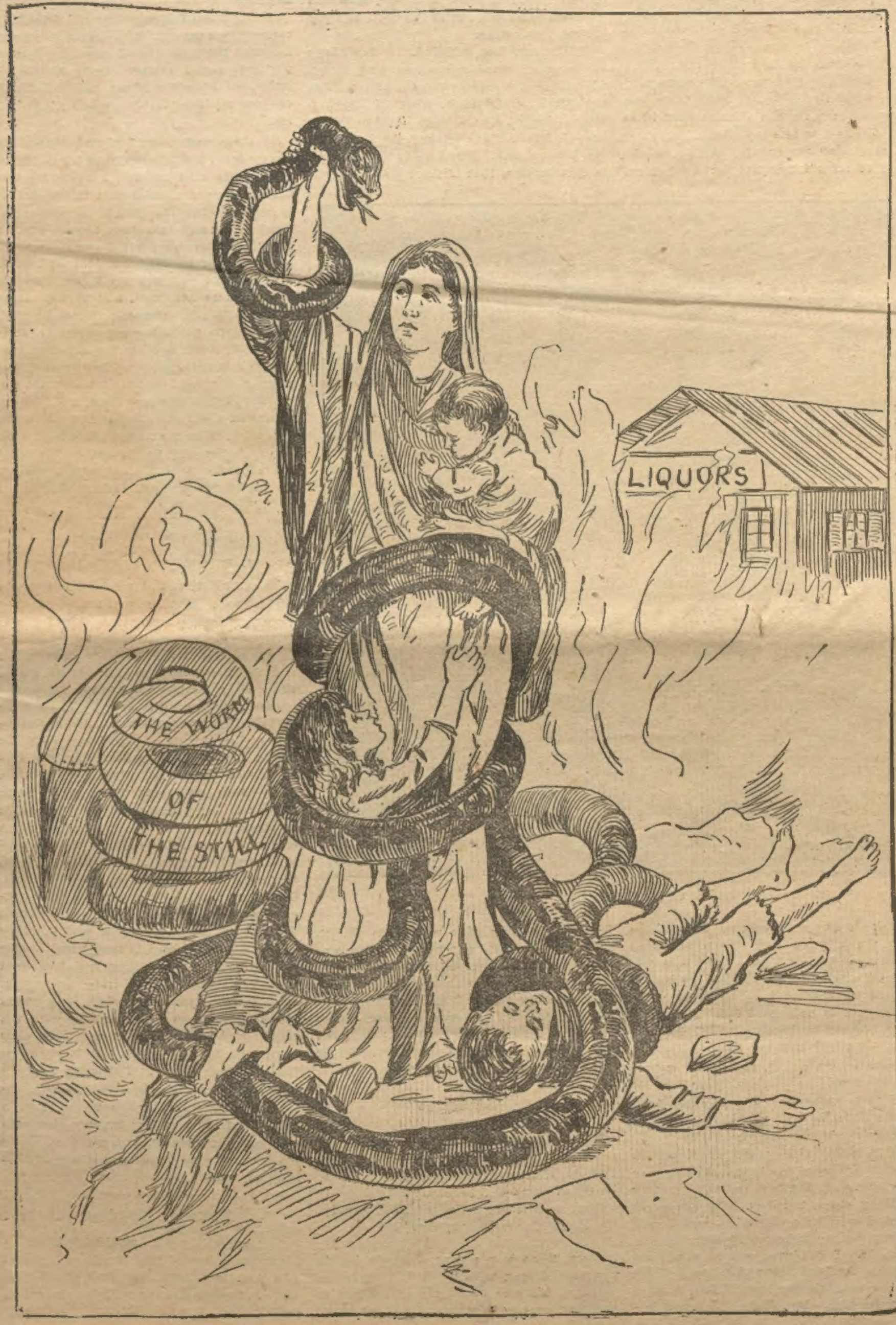
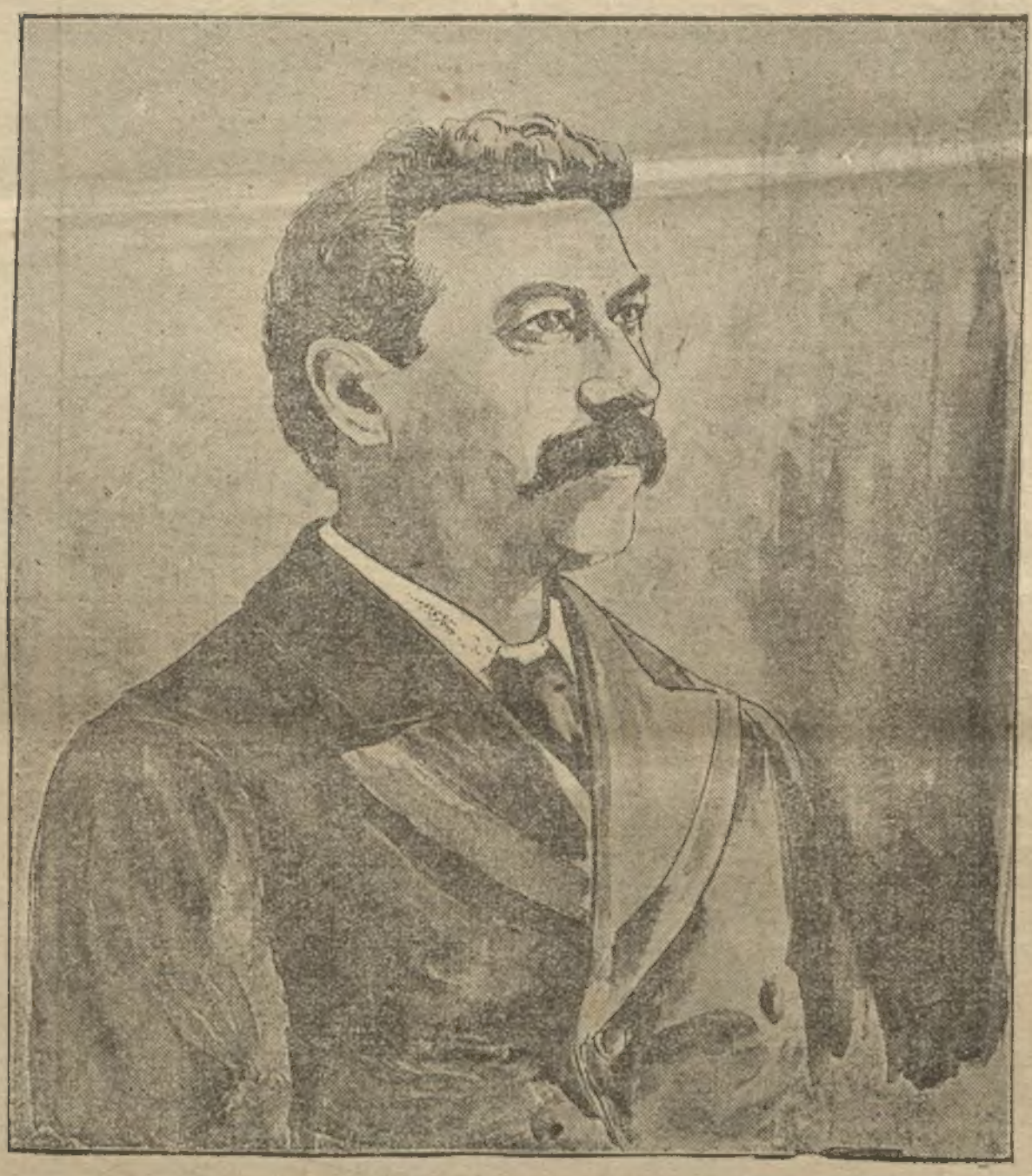


Gipsy Smith's Conversion.

Gipsy Smith, the Noted English Evangelist, in his autobiography, tells as follows the story of his own Conversion.

'But, although I was a mischievous boy, I was not really a bad boy. I knew in my heart what religion meant. I had seen it in the new lives of my father, sisters and brothers. I had seen the wonderful change in the gipsy home—the transformation that had taken place there. I had seen the transformation-scene if I had not felt it, and in my heart there was a deep longing for the strange experience which I knew to be my father's.

'I remember one evening sitting on the trunk of an old tree not far away from



GIPSY SMITH.

my father's tent and waggon. Around the fallen trunk grass had grown about as tall as myself. I had gone there to think, because I was under the deepest conviction and had an earnest longing to love the Saviour and to be a good lad. I thought of my brother in heaven, and I thought of the beautiful life my father, brother, and sisters were living, and I said to myself, "Rodney, are you going to wander about as a gipsy boy and a gipsy man without hope, or will you be a Christian and have some definite object to live for?" Everything was still, and I could almost hear the beating of my heart. For answer to my question, I found myself startling myself by my own voice: "By the grace of God, I will be a Christian and I will meet my mother in heaven!" My decision was made. I believe I was as much accepted by the Lord Jesus that day as I am now, for with all my heart I had decided to live for him. My choice was made forever, and had I at once confessed Christ, I believe that the witness of the Spirit would have been mine, the witness which gives one the assurance of acceptance. I knew I had said "I will" to God. I made the mistake of not declaring my decision publicly, and I believe that thousands do likewise. The devil tells them to keep it quiet. This is a cunning device by which he shuts hundreds out of the light and joy of God's salvation.

'Still I was not satisfied. A few days afterwards I wandered one evening into a little Primitive Methodist Chapel in Fitzroy Street, Cambridge, where I heard a sermon by the Rev. George Warner. Oddly enough I cannot remember a word of what Mr. Warner said. But I made up my mind in that service, that if there was a chance I would publicly give myself to Christ. After the sermon a prayer-meeting was held, and Mr. Warner invited all those who desired to give themselves to the Lord to come forward and kneel at the communion-rail. I was the first to go forward. I do not know whether anybody else was there or not. I think not. While I prayed the congregation sang.

"I can but perish if I go
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know
I must for ever die.'
'I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.'

'Soon there was a dear old man beside me, an old man with great flowing locks, who put his arm round me and began to pray with me and for me. I did not know his name. I do not know it even now. I told him that I had given myself to Jesus for time and eternity—to be his boy forever. He said:

"You must believe that He has saved you. 'To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to be the sons of God; even to them that believed on His name.' "

'Well,' I said to my dear old friend, 'I cannot trust myself, for I am nothing; and I cannot trust in what I have, for I have nothing; and I cannot trust in what I know, for I know nothing; and so far as I can see my friends are as badly off as I am.'

So there and then I placed myself by simple trust and committal to Jesus Christ. I knew He died for me; I knew He was able to save me, and I just believed Him to be as good as His Word. And thus the light broke and assurance came. I knew that if I was not what I ought to be, I never should be again what I had been. I went home and told my father that his prayers were answered, and he wept tears of joy with me. Turning to me, he said, "Tell me how you know you are converted?" That was a poser for a young convert. I hardly knew what to say, but placing my hand on my heart, I said, "Daddy, I feel so warm here." I had got a mite of the feeling that the disciples had when they had been talking with Jesus on the way to Emmaus: "Did not our heart burn within us?" The date of my conversion was the 17th of November, 1876.'

Seventy Converted.

(J. H. Todd, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Many Christian workers date their interest in Jesus Christ from the moment they were spoken to personally. A great deal of Christian work is of a general and indirect character, but personal work is direct and definite. It always hits the mark. The person dealt with cannot apply the truth to anyone else. It is for himself or herself. A woman who was a member of an aggressive church singled out different young men who were attending the services and prayed definitely for one at a time. One after another was saved in answer to her prayers until she was able to count twenty, at least, who had been converted. It is a question if there is any kind of Christian work that yields as large and satisfactory results as personal work. Some years ago thirteen young men, representing different churches, banded themselves together as a soul-winning band. They resolved to meet monthly for prayer and to report how God had used them in personal work during the month. At their first prayer-meeting they asked God to give them each one soul within a month and at their next meeting they were able to report thirteen brought in through their efforts. The work went on with similar results for some months, until the band was broken up through a number of the members leaving the town and going elsewhere, but many of these workers are still as active as ever in this kind of work.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Simoon.

('Friendly Greetings.')

One of the dreaded sandstorms to which the Bedouins give the name of 'simoon,' is thus described by Mr. Henry A. Harper:

'The morning we started,' he says, 'there was a very high wind, so cold that I had to put on all my warm coats. We pressed on all the day at a great pace, not even stopping to lunch, hoping that by the end of the day we might get across the desert to a place called "Wady Werdan," where a small depression would give us shelter if the dreaded "simoon" should come upon us.

'Late in the afternoon the wind rose to a gale: sand was driving up all round us,

OVERTAKEN BY THE SANDSTORM.

and the sharp bits of sand almost blinded us. At last the camels refused to face the storm, and fairly turned round. We got off, and in great excitement tried to drag them to where a few sand hillocks somewhat broke the fury of the blast.

'There we made them lie down, and then tied their legs to prevent them running away in their fright. We tied up our own faces with our head shawls, covering well our mouths and nostrils, and then threw ourselves down by the side of the camels. After a time the cold wind passed, and in the night the wind was very hot, like the blast of a furnace.

'It was a strange sight; sand filled the air. I could dimly see the distant mountains as the sand drifted up them; they seemed all smoking by the faint and sickly light of the moon, which now and again tried to show through the storm. This smoking was sand drifting up their slopes.

'The sunset, I must say, had been awful; the clouds black, with lurid edges. Ever and anon a vivid flash of lightning tore down from the upper sky. Bathed in perspiration, half stifled with sand and heat, we gave ourselves up for lost.

'I rose several times in the night to shake off the weight of sand which had fallen on me, and also to get a drink of water from my leathern bottle; but the water was full of sand that had drifted in. Again, at times we all had to rise, for some of the camels in their agony broke their leg ropes and got up, and we had to pull them down again and re-tie them.

'Towards the middle of the next day we were able to collect our scattered camels and effects, and again try to push on. But oh! the weakness, the painful weakness, racked with headache, faint with hunger, and only a bit of hard bread to eat. By the blessing of God, in time we arrived at the oasis of "Moses' Wells." There we got food and rest before continuing our journey to Suez.'

Is this wind ever mentioned in the Bible? Yes, frequently. The prophet Isaiah probably had it in his mind when he said God will be 'a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.'

The Story of Perry Anderson.

(Helen M. Merrill, in the 'Leader.')

We were driving slowly homeward along the 'river road,' listening to the murmur of the little stream as it wound its way onward toward the Connecticut, and enjoying the delicious coolness of the road shaded by the trees which lined it on either side.

The birds sang, and occasionally there came a breath of air laden with a delightful mingling of odors, impossible to describe, a breath of country air found only among the evergreen trees and where nature holds full sway.

Suddenly we came into an open space, and I uttered an exclamation of delight when my eyes rested on a tiny cottage, several rods back from the main road and which was surrounded by and covered with vines and flowers.

My friend smiled as she said, 'Is not this an ideal spot, - "love in a cottage" home? We will drive into the yard and have our choice of those lovely flowers, and a drink of delicious water from a boiling spring a few rods away. Miss Anderson will be glad to see us.'

As we entered the yard a lady came out upon the veranda to meet us, invited us to alight, led the horse to a shady spot nearby, tied him deftly, and then bade us enter her home.

'First, Phoebe, let us go to the spring for a drink of water.'

'I've been longing for some for a week,' returned my friend.

'I trust that alone did not bring you,' smiled the lady, as she led the way down a little foot-path to where a small spring boiled up its wealth of pure cold water amid the crystal-like sand which completely filled it.

We soon returned to the house and after a delicate lunch of bread and honey, red raspberries and cream, with some of the spring water, we gathered bouquets of flowers, thanked our kind hostess, and took our departure.

'Isn't there a story connected with that little home?' I asked.

'Yes, a somewhat sad one. But see those lovely ferns! Let us gather some and then I'll tell you the simple story of an old schoolmate's life,' answered my friend.

Once more seated in the carriage, having secured the ferns, Mrs. Hayes proceeded to relate the following story, which I give as nearly as possible in her own words:

'Persis Anderson was about twenty years of age when she first met Percy Anderson. He came to town on a visit to relatives and the similarity of names attracted them at first, an attraction which ripened into friendship, and later on into something sweeter yet. No, they were not related.

'Percy was a carpenter, and he built the little cottage himself, the year before they were married, and a fairer bride never entered a sweeter home than when, on a lovely June day, they returned from their bridal trip.

'I remember how like a bird she used to sing about her work, and she seemed as happy as one.

'The years sped onward, finding them at the end of the fifth prosperous and rejoicing in the birth of a little daughter, to whom they gave the name of Priscilla.

'"We propose to keep up the initial P., you observe," said she, when I was making her my first visit after baby's arrival, and it was delightful to witness the fond mother's pride in the little girl.

'But she was not to stay with them for long, and when the snow fell it rested on a tiny grave in the cemetery and Persis had known her first sorrow. She was never quite the same after little Priscilla died—that is, her old light heartedness was gone.

'Two years later, Phebe and Perry came into the home, and two sweeter children never made glad the hearts of parents, I am sure. Black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, healthy, happy little rogues! I loved them as if they had been my own.

'When fourteen years of age, they entered the high school, and they were very promising pupils.

'"If I have my health the children shall go to college," said Mr. Anderson one day, when I was visiting them. "I shall have to work hard, but it will pay in the end," said he with a fond smile.

'Alas! in one month from that day my husband returned from his store with the

sad news that Mr. Anderson had fallen from a building, and was seriously, if not fatally, injured.

'I hastened to the cottage to find the rumor only too true, the injury affecting his spine, and rendering him a cripple for the rest of his life.

'Bravely did they bear this great trouble and Persis began at once to take in sewing, succeeding so well that she learned dressmaking and soon had a thriving little business, all she could attend to.

'After a time her husband was able to sit in a chair, and carve odd bits of wood into fancy articles which found a ready sale.

'Thus time passed on until the twins were graduated from the high school.

'"Only one of us can go to college, and that must be Perry. I have education enough to teach and help along, and it is my wish to do so," said Phebe.

'It seemed too bad to give the one a better chance than the other, but it really was advisable, and so it was arranged as Phebe had planned, and after one year spent as clerk in my husband's store Perry entered college.

'During the year he had boarded with us we had gotten to know him even better than the close friendship existing between the two families had ever admitted, and there were certain traits of character that made us feel anxious for his future. He was too easily led, and did not have self-reliance enough; but his desire to please his parents and sister seemed so great that we tried to think all would be well.

'He worked faithfully the first year, and we had reason to feel pride in him when he returned to his old place in the store during the long summer vacation. Soon after he went back to college, however, vague rumors were circulated concerning his career.

'About this time his father grew worse, and almost ere we realized the fact, he had drifted out of life. Perry had been summoned home and reached the bedside only an hour before his father's death.

'"Promise me, my son, to do all in your power to make your mother happy. She has worked hard for us all; she will depend so much upon you in the years to come; see to it that you reward her untiring love."

'No suspicion of the truth was in his mind, yet he seemed more anxious for his son than for the rest of the family.

'For a time, grief over the death of his father caused the young man to avoid those who were leading him astray, but not for very long, and the inevitable result followed.

'He was expelled, and the news, reaching his mother and sister, rendered them nearly heartbroken. He wrote his mother, telling her his sorrow and shame. Said he, "Mother, sister, I will return to you sometime when I am not a disgrace to you." And the years sped on until ten had passed by, and the waiting mother and sister had received no further message; yet so firmly did the mother-heart trust in the prayers she offered up for her son and in his promise to return to them, that she never gave up expecting him.

'Her health had been failing for two or three years, and at length we realized that she must leave us.

'"I have not much longer to stay with you, yet it brings the time when I shall see my boy again so much the nearer. I am expecting him every day now, and I can hardly wait to see him. Come to me as often as you can, Esther. We have had many happy hours together, and your kindness has helped me to bear many unhappy ones," said she one day, as I said good-bye to her after a long call at the cottage.

'Christmas came and passed, and still she lingered. I had promised to spend the last day of the year with her, but guests prevented. However, as they took their departure late in the afternoon, I asked my husband to drive over with me after tea.

'It was a lovely moonlight evening, and the sleighing was fine. As we neared the spot where we gathered these ferns a team was driven rapidly past us, taking the turn to Mrs. Anderson's.

'"I believe that Perry was in that sleigh," said my husband.

'"I do hope it may prove so," I answered.

'We stopped at the turn, for the sleigh was coming back, having left one of the men at the cottage, and the snow was too deep to allow us to turn out after having the main road.

'"Shall we not go back home?" I asked.

'"I think you better go in, Esther; for all she is expecting him, it will be a shock to her, and Phebe may need your help," said my husband.

'I alighted from the sleigh and hastened up the walk, but before I reached the door Phebe had opened it and came to meet me with outstretched hands, sobbing like a child.

'"He has come, Mrs. Hayes! He has come!" at the same time drawing me inside the door, where a tall, handsome man stood waiting to greet me.

'No traces of depravity in the clear-cut, handsome face, in the piercing black eyes, and the grasp of his hand told me how glad he was to meet me.

'"Why have you waited so long?" was my first question after I had assured him of my pleasure in his return.

'"I waited until I could come back a man, and one whom my mother and sister would not be ashamed of, but I see my mistake."

'"Tell her I have come, and take me to her, Phebe," said he, in a husky voice.

'"Tell her, please, Mrs. Hayes. I am too greatly agitated to go in now," pleaded Phebe.

'As I entered the room Mrs. Anderson extended both hands, and said in a voice excitement had made strong, "Perry is coming to-night, and I am glad you are here to meet him."

'I stooped and kissed the wasted cheeks, and then with a voice far less firm than her own, I said, "Yes, dear, he is coming; he will soon be here."

'"He is here. I want him!" and a minute later she was in his arms.

'She lived about three weeks after he returned—lived to know that her son was what they had wished him to be—a minister of the Gospel. She would never let him speak of the years when he was in the depths, but listened eagerly to the story of his struggles to complete his education, and his final success.

'Phebe has stayed at the cottage since then, with a friend as companion; but she goes away this fall to help make a home for her brother, and to assist him in his work. He has reclaimed many from a drunkard's life, and we rejoice in his power for good. He feels that he has much lost time to make up, and is ever on the alert, lest a chance to help some poor unfortunate should pass him by.'

A week later I met him. That was one year ago, and after next week, I too shall help Perry Anderson make a home and also assist him in his life work.

A Fresh Recipe for Happiness

A PICTURE FROM LIFE

(By Mrs. D. B. Wells, in 'S. S. Times.')

She was just a little nine-year-old girl, paralyzed from babyhood, so that only head and neck were usable. How should she come to know more and be wiser than the grown-ups who are searching for happiness with all the energy and ability of perfect health and sound bodies! Bright, sunshiny, happy all the day long, sometimes all the night long, in spite of wakefulness and pain. With the usual stupidity of strong, well people, some said, 'Oh, it comes natural!' 'She gets it from her grandmother, I guess.' 'I don't suppose she wants things like other children.'

But the real secret was 'being so busy.' For three years now she had had to pray daily for every one she loved; for every one of whom she heard as being in sorrow, in need, in distress, in pain; for all the neighbors and the neighbors' children; for the minister, and the Sunday-school superintendent, and the Sunday-school teachers; for the men in the same shop with her papa,, and their children; for the people who passed her window. She could not shut her eyes when she prayed, 'because I might miss some one going by me who needed me real bad.'

In January, her mother came from the missionary meeting with a Yearbook of Prayer, in which the names of some missionaries were set down for every day to be prayed for. This was a treasure, a delightful broadening of her privilege of daily work. It opened so many 'windows,' it brought such a wealth of labor. The day was full, more than full, now. It takes time to remember everybody, not to forget one single one, and yet to add the new ones every day was bringing to her notice. As she grew busier, she also grew happier; no time left to be restless, fretful, peevish. Night often came before the list was completed, and she went to sleep with a name on her lips and a love-thought in her heart. Sometimes she woke in the night, and would be heard communing with herself that, like a provident young housekeeper, she was enabled to get ahead on to-morrow's tasks.

Finding that slender physical strength was diminishing under the continuous demands made upon it, the physician begged that some of the earlier objects of her remembrance might be dropped from daily mention, and some time given to rest. To this came a happy little shake of the head: 'I can't. I haven't anything but my mouth to work with, you know. It's just got to keep on working for all the rest of me.'

And so that corner by the window in that upper room is a little child's workshop, and Bethel, and sunshine factory for the village.

Kindness to Animals

By permission of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Q. Tell me some pets that we keep in our houses.

A. Cage-birds.

Q. Tell me names of some cage-birds.

A. Canaries, mocking-birds, parrots.

Q. Where do we find our canaries?

A. They are reared in cages.

Q. Where are mocking-birds and parrots found?

A. They are taken, when they are young, from the nests of wild birds.

Q. If we keep birds in cages for our pleasure, how ought we to treat them?

A. We ought to try to make them as happy as if they were free.

Q. Can we make caged birds happy?

A. Yes, if they have been reared in cages.

Q. If they have been taken from the nest of wild birds, can we make them happy?

A. We can never make them as happy as if they were free.

Q. Is it right to catch wild birds when they are full grown, and put them in cages?

A. No; it is very cruel.

Q. Why is it cruel?

A. Because they are frightened, and then they feel as if they were in jail, and very often they get sick and die.

Q. How do birds move when they are free?

A. They fly through the air.

Q. Is it right to keep them in such a way that they cannot fly at all?

A. No; they ought to have room enough to fly about and take exercise.

Q. What sort of cages, then, ought they to have?

A. Large cages; it is cruel to keep birds in cages that are too small for them.

Q. When birds are free, where do they love to perch and make their nests?

A. In the shady branches of trees.

Q. Where, then, do you think, ought we to put a bird's cage?

A. We ought to put it where the sun will not shine on it too strongly.

Q. Ought we to hang a bird's cage near the ceiling of a room?

A. No; because a bird needs very pure air, and the air near the ceiling is not so pure as it is lower down.

Q. Do birds like tobacco smoke?

A. No; it makes them very sick. No one ought to keep birds in a room where people smoke.

Q. Do all birds need the same kind of food?

A. No; different sorts of birds need very different sorts of food.

Q. If we keep birds in cages, what sort of food must we give them?

A. We must be sure to give every bird the sort of food that he would use if he were free.

Q. What sort of food does the canary need?

A. It needs canary seed and turnip seed and just a little hemp seed every day.

Q. What does the mocking-bird need?

A. It needs potato mashed up with the yolk of an egg.

Q. What does the parrot need?

A. It needs the same seeds as the canary, and sunflower seeds besides, and it ought to have bread soaked in coffee every morning.

Q. What ought all birds to have besides seed?

A. They ought to have some green food, like chickweed or lettuce or celery, and a bit of ripe fruit.

Q. How often ought birds to be fed?

A. Regularly every morning.

Q. How ought a bird's cage to be kept?

A. It ought to be kept perfectly clean.

Q. If the cage is not kept perfectly clean what will happen to the bird?

A. It will soon be covered with insects, and its feathers will begin to fall out.

Q. What part of the cage ought to be cleaned every day?

A. Every part; everything about a bird's cage ought to be cleaned every day.

Q. When we give the bird fresh seed, what should we be careful to do?

A. We should be careful to take out the old seed and wash the seed cup.

Q. How often ought we to give water to our birds?

A. We should give them fresh water every morning, and oftener in summer when it is hot?

Q. Do birds love to bathe?

A. Yes; most birds delight to bathe, and they ought to be allowed to bathe every day.

Q. Besides feed and water, what ought all birds to have?

A. They ought to have some nice, clean sand all the time.

Q. Ought we to be kind only to the tame creatures that we keep about us?

A. No; we ought to be kind to all living creatures.

Q. Tell me some pretty creatures that we do not tame.

A. Robins, bluebirds and other wild birds.

Q. Do these birds stay with us all the year round?

A. No; some of them go away in the winter, to a warmer climate, and return to us in the summer time.

Q. If we want them always to return to us, how should we treat them?

A. We should never disturb them or their nests.

Q. How can we make them fond of us?

A. By feeding them with crumbs of bread.

Q. What good do these pretty birds do to us?

A. They please us because they are so beautiful, and some of them sing very sweetly.

Q. Of what use are they?

A. They destroy thousands of insects that would injure the trees and fruit.

Q. If boys throw stones at the birds, how do they behave?

A. They are cruel to the birds, and they are foolish, too, because they drive the birds away.

Q. Is the little brown sparrow of any use?

A. Yes; it destroys a great many insects that would injure the trees.

Q. Is the sparrow a native of this country?

A. It is so now, but only a few years ago there were no sparrows in America.

Q. From what place were they brought

A. They were brought over from Europe.

Q. Why were the sparrows brought to this country?

A. Because the insects were killing so many trees that the sparrows were needed to destroy the insects.

Q. Did the sparrows save the trees?

A. Yes; since the sparrows were brought over the trees have been saved.

Q. What sort of a bird is the sparrow?

A. He is a merry, useful little fellow.

Q. In the winter time, when there are no insects and the snow is on the ground, does not the sparrow have a hard time?

A. Yes; he has a very hard time, and many of them die of hunger.

A Cure for Carelessness.

A successful business man has said that there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, and which were ever afterwards of great use to him—namely: 'Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything.' An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

'But,' inquired the young man, 'suppose that I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?'

'You must not lose it,' said the lawyer, frowning.

'I don't mean to,' said the young man; 'but suppose I should happen to?'

'But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it.'

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing, he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say:

'When a man tells me that he forgot to do something I tell him he might as well have said, "I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again." I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting an important task to say, "I forgot." I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and careless habit of the mind, which he cured.'—'The Country Gentleman.'

Promptly.

But, girls, whether you have much or little, I hope you will make it a rule through life not to buy things unless you can pay for them promptly, and never to spend money on luxuries if thereby you have to defraud any one who has worked for you. It is hard for young girls to realize it, but washerwomen, sewing women, and, in fact, most people who have to earn their living by hard work, need their pay at once, and if they fail to get it, often suffer much inconvenience. If you must keep somebody waiting for pay—which I don't believe in ever doing—let it be the prosperous merchant, but never the poor day laborer.—'Wellspring.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Doing Her Duty.

(Clara Sherman, in the 'Christian Register.')

'Oh, dear, I wish I could do something great,' thought Helen Livermore, as she sat comfortably before her dainty pink dressingtable and brushed her long, shining hair vigorously. 'I'd like to be like Sister Dora or Clara Barton. I wish I could stop studying and just go round nursing people and taking care of ragged children and carrying water to the wounded and getting the right laws passed. I'd like to have somebody kiss my shadow the way the men did Florence Nightingale's. I suppose such women begin to look out for others when they are quite young.'

As Helen brushed away, her thoughts took more definite shape. 'I will begin right now, even if I do have to work under disadvantages. Now I'll try to do good to just as many people to-day as I possibly can. There's lame Miss Parsons. I'll take her for a drive in the pony-cart this afternoon and I can take some flowers to old Mrs. Patten. Yes, and I'll give my old jacket to that Hennessy girl. I ought to have a new one, anyway. Now I must try to do good at home, too.'

So Helen finished dressing and appeared at the breakfast-table with a serene smile, as befits a saint in the making, prepared to do good to her family and all the world. She meditated over her chop as to the best way to do good to Jack, her rather trying brother, some two years younger. She ought to be hurrying about it or he would be starting off for school.

'Have you quite learned your Virgil yet?' she asked him finally in an elderly-sisterly tone that somehow never set well on Jack's nerves.

'Oh, I have it near enough, I guess,' was his off-hand answer.

'I shall have twenty minutes after breakfast and if you'll come to the study I'll go over it with you.'

'No, thank you,' responded Jack, rather ungratefully. 'I've promised to see Fred about something before school.'

'But, really, Jack, you ought to be perfectly sure you know your Latin. You'd better let me help, as I am quite willing to take the trouble for your sake.'

'"Nobody asked you, sir, she said,"' quoted Jack, irreverently, as he left the room to avoid further discussion.

Helen, feeling injured but complacent, called Nella, the maid, to help her after breakfast to cut some roses. Nella demurred a little, saying that it was to be a busy day, as Mrs. Livermore's sister and niece were coming in the afternoon and preparations were to be made for receiving them. But Nella was always delighted to help Helen in anything; and together they cut all the best roses, heaping them in a basket which Helen bore off triumphantly. She had no time to study her history lesson, as she had intended; for it was a long walk to old Mrs. Patten'r small room in an apartment house at the lower end of the town.

When she arrived there, the room was locked and her knockings were unanswered, until a neighbor put her head out of a door on the same entry and called out.

'It's gone away for a week, that Mis' Patten is, ma'am. And were ye bringin' her the roses, I'd like to know?'

Helen was about to offer some of them to the woman; but, before she could speak, the other gave a loud laugh and said:

'And I'm thinking it's a pound of tay Mis' Patten'd be likin' better than thim flowers.' And she slammed the door.

Helen was almost frightened; but she hurried away, knowing she had a long, warm walk before her. It was too long, as it proved; and for the first time that year Helen was late at school. She left the roses in the dressing-room and hastened to her seat. When the history class was called, she recited so poorly that Miss Graham looked at her in surprise; and Helen felt the hot blood mount in her cheeks. When the hour for English came, she remembered suddenly that she had left her carefully written theme on her desk, forgetting it in her thought of the roses. Miss Hunt's tired eyes looked reproach at her excuses; and Helen thought to herself: 'Just because I was trying to do good in the world.'

Helen's school began and ended later than that which the younger children attended, and she was quite used to having her luncheon alone. To-day her mother came in as she seated herself; and, after talking for a minute about the coming of Helen's aunt and cousin, she said: 'Helen, did you cut all the roses this morning? I had depended especially on having them for the table to-night, as sister Hannah was always fond of that old-fashioned kind. Next time, when you wish to take every single one, please ask me about it first.' Mrs. Livermore spoke in the pleasantest way; but her disappointment was evident, and Helen was deeply regretful. 'Oh, don't worry over it,' her mother said. 'I'll make some other flowers do.'

'It's all the worse,' grieved Helen, 'because I couldn't do anything with them till recess; and then they weren't nearly so fresh, and I just gave them to the girls.'

Helen was to drive to the station for her aunt and cousin at five o'clock; and it was planned that she should do her studying and practicing first, so as to have her evening free.

'Yet I cannot bear to give up taking out lame Miss Parsons to drive. We might go for about an hour, and then I could leave her and go straight to the station. So she ordered the pony carriage for half-past three o'clock. That gave her little time for studying; and then she was interrupted more than once, chiefly by Jack, who begged her to sew up a rip in his baseball suit before he went to practice. She came near refusing; but the thought that he would go to her mother instead, and that she ought to do something to make up for taking the roses, silenced her, and Jack never noticed but that she did it as willingly as usual.

It was a fine day for driving, and her spirits lifted as she came near the little cottage where Miss Parsons lived alone. The little lady was sitting out in her garden. 'Don't you wish to go to drive with me?' was Helen's cheery greeting.

'Go to drive? Well, no, I don't believe I do, especially in all this dust,' was the rather discouraging response. A feeling swelled in Helen's heart, which, if translated into words, would have said, 'I'll never try to do good to you again'; but, fortunately, feelings may be suppressed and Helen's face was calm and friendly as she tied her horse, accepting Miss Parsons' invitation to 'come in and set awhile.'

It was too early to go to the station; and so she sat under the tree, listening at first to rather monotonous gossip about how Mrs. Jones had decided to get her styles in New York the coming spring and how the minister's wife had turned her brown cashmere and made a really decent looking dress out of it and how it was rumored that the schoolmaster thought of putting up a tombstone to his aunt's memory, seeing that her husband showed no signs of attending to this proper mark of respect.

Helen listened and answered when she had a chance. Miss Parsons became more and more friendly as Helen showed no signs of hurrying away. After a while she brought out some lemonade, which Helen sipped gratefully; and, when her visitor at last rose to go, she said abruptly:—

'Well, it's downright neighborly of you to stop; and I'm not saying but that I'll go to drive with you some day if you'll give me another chance. I'll confess I thought at first that you came sort-of out of charity like, just as the hospitality committee of the church called once and

WHICH WAY?

A TEMPERANCE OBJECT LESSON.

never came again; but, seeing as you sat and stayed an hour, I suppose you didn't do it out of duty, but that you came just as you go to other places.'

Miss Parsons looked keenly at Helen, who stammered something about coming again and fled. It was good to forget this in the meeting with her aunt and cousin at the station and the next two hours passed quickly.

After dinner she had to leave the pleasant company for an hour or more of evening study to make up the neglected lessons, which seemed to bother worse than usual. At last she threw herself on the bed and reviewed the day.

'I made Jack cross this morning and I hindered Nella's work and I cut the roses and I didn't do my work and Miss Parsons saw right through me and now Aunt Hannah will think I don't care a thing about her or I would have planned to have this evening with them. And I never tried so hard to do good to people in my life! What a mixup it all is!'

But in the other room downstairs this is what they were saying:

'How lovely Helen has grown in these two years!' said Cousin Mary.

'Yes, and the best of it is that she is so unobtrusively helpful and genuine. She never seems to think of herself at all.'

'Oh, yes,' said papa, 'we shouldn't know what to do without Helen. She keeps us in sunshine all the year round, rainy days and all.'

'She's always full of fun,' chimed in Jack, 'and she almost never preaches. I thought she was going to begin it this morning, though, and I studied my Virgil on the sly so as to prove to her that I did know it well enough after all.'

Of course a shout of laughter went up at this kind of reasoning, but Mrs. Livermore said gently, with almost a suspicion of tears in her voice at the thought of the children growing up, 'Helen will be through school and college before we know it and then she will be ready for doing some of the world's work she likes to dream about.'

'Let her do what she may,' said Aunt Hannah, decidedly, 'she can never do anything much better than she is doing right here now, just by that lovely, unconscious influence, that would be spoiled if she began to take herself too seriously.'

Her mother went to her girlie's room and found her stretched on the bed with her face buried in the pillows. 'Let me wail my wail to you, motherkin,' she said as her mother entered, half-alarmed at the unusual emotion, and she told over the story of the day.

'Dear heart,' whispered her mother, gently, 'the good we do in life, the very best good, cannot be accomplished by line and measure. It isn't a matter of mint, anise and cummin. Be true and sunny and loving and never, never, never worry about results. That way priggishness lies. We cannot help influencing others, but for that we must be something in ourselves. There is no other way but to take the little duties day after day and week after week and make the very most of them. These are our opportunities and the kind acts for others will seem to do themselves naturally.'

'That's so. I just see that it is so. I'll really help Jack and not call it being good, and I'll go to see Miss Parsons for friendship and I'll ask you about my plans next time.'

A Warning Needed.

(Mary Wood-Allen, in the 'Union Signal.')

The three o'clock train drew in at Woolfert's Junction just on time. Among the passengers who alighted was a young girl of sixteen whose glance of expectancy changed to disappointment as, looking about her, she evidently failed to see some one whom she had looked for.

At this moment a stylish young man stepped up to her and, tipping his hat, asked politely: 'Is this Miss Dundar?'

'No,' said the girl, hesitatingly, still gazing about her in a bewildered way.

'I beg your pardon,' said the young man. 'I was sent here to meet a young lady whom I never saw, and as you were the only young lady who got off here, I thought you might be the one. Were you expecting some one to meet you?' he continued, noticing her restless gaze.

'Yes,' replied the girl, 'my brother was to meet me here. I don't know what has happened.'

'Perhaps I can be of assistance,' said the young man, courteously. 'I know the city well. Where were you wanting to go?'

'Oh, we were going to take the 5 o'clock train to Harvey's Mills.'

'In that case,' said the young man, 'you have only to wait patiently a couple of hours. The station is not very inviting, but it is fairly comfortable. Perhaps your brother will arrive before the train is to leave. I wish you a pleasant journey.' Again raising his hat, he took his departure.

'Rob needn't have been so particular about my talking to strange men,' said the girl to herself. 'Surely this was a perfect gentleman.'

The waiting room was large, and occupied by only one woman who was so absorbed in reading her paper that she did not notice the young girl's entry. Margaret observed in passing her that she wore a white ribbon, the significance of which she understood, as her Aunt Emma wore one. She was reading her Aunt Emma's paper, 'The Union Signal.' This made Margaret feel less lonely, and she thought that by and by they perhaps might have a little conversation.

But her attention was soon attracted by the entrance of a very stylish woman whose elegance of attire surpassed anything that Margaret, in her short life, had ever seen. The lady went at once to the window of the ticket office, and held a short conversation with the agent, who, in answer to her apparent queries shook his head decidedly several times. She left the window with a frowning face, and walking slowly across the room seated herself near the young girl. After a few moments spent in opening and shutting her purse, looking in her shopping bag and otherwise occupying herself, she turned to Margaret, saying petulantly, 'Isn't it provoking? I wanted to take the 5 o'clock train to go and visit my sister who is ill; and the station agent tells me that train has been taken off, and there is no train now until to-morrow morning.'

'Oh,' exclaimed Margaret in alarm. 'I wonder if that is the train I was to take.'

'Where were you going?' asked the lady.

'To Harvey's Mills,' said the girl.

'Yes,' said the lady; 'it is the same train. I was going just one station beyond Harvey's Mills.'

'Oh, dear!' exclaimed Margaret, 'what shall I do? I don't know anyone in the city. Do you suppose I could stay in the station all night?'

'Oh,' said the lady, 'that wouldn't do at all. I'll tell you what you'd better do. Just come home and stay with me. I will take good care of you; and to-morrow morning, we can come and take the train together.'

'How good you are!' exclaimed Margaret. 'I really should feel afraid to stay here all night; but if I can go home with you, I shall feel quite safe.'

'Well,' said the lady, 'Wait here a moment until I call a cab. It's only a short distance; and we shall be home in time to rest before supper.'

The woman who wore the white ribbon had been listening to the conversation. She did not quite like the strange lady's appearance, and had some doubts as to her honesty.

'Are you acquainted with this woman?' she asked of the young girl.

'No,' replied Margaret; 'I never saw her before, but she is going on the same train that I am. I was to go at 5 o'clock, but that train has been taken off, and I can't go until to-morrow morning.'

'How do you know?'

'The lady said so.'

'Did you ask the ticket agent?'

'No; but she did.'

'I want to take that train myself,' said the white-ribboner, 'and I do not believe it has been taken off. Let us go and ask the ticket agent ourselves.'

They went together, and the white-ribbon woman asked, 'Is there a train at 5 o'clock this afternoon for Harvey's Mills?'

'Yes,' replied the agent.

'Hasn't it been taken off?' asked Margaret in surprise.

'But you told the lady it had been,' said Margaret.

'You mean that woman with the long feather in her hat? She didn't ask me anything about that train.'

'Why, she said you told her there was no train until to-morrow morning,' continued Margaret; 'and she asked me to go home and stay all night with her.'

The agent started as if in alarm, and said in a most decided tone to the white-ribbon woman, 'Don't let that child go out of this station with that woman. It is to her ruin that she goes if she does. Go back and sit down quietly, and I will take care of her.'

They followed his direction and resumed their seats. In a few moments the elegantly dressed stranger reappeared and hastened towards Margaret, smiling as she came. At the same moment a policeman appeared at the opposite door, raising his hand with a warning gesture which the woman noticed and stopped. The gesture was repeated. The woman turned and without a word hurried from the station. The policeman approached the white-ribboner, saying, cordially, 'Well, we saved the little one this time. I wish we were always as successful. Say, Miss,' he said, turning to Margaret, 'did a young fellow speak to you just as you left the train?'

'Yes,' replied the girl.

'That was her pal,' said the policeman.

'He asked you some question, didn't he, and you answered them?'

'I didn't say much,' faltered Margaret.

'You said enough,' replied the policeman, 'to give her a clue which she acted upon. Well, you're safe now as long as

you're with this white-ribboner; but you'd better be careful how you make friends with strangers when you travel.'

'Rob told me to be careful about talking to strange men,' replied the girl. 'I think he ought to have given me some warning about strange women.'

A Full Day

'Turn out, boys; turn out!' roared Farmer Briggs's voice up the narrow stairs; and with varying degrees of promptness the ocupants of the four beds in the long, unpartitioned attic found their way from between the warm sheets to the cold floor.

It was still dark, and they had to feel their way to their clothes, and then, with boots in hand, down the yet darker stairs to the kitchen. Tom came first, with his broad shoulders almost filling the doorway, then Joe, and Will still rubbing his eyes drowsily, and last of all bright-eyed, thirteen-year-old Fred.

Although they had been called no earlier than usual this morning, all the boys knew perfectly well what the work was to be. During the two previous days had come the first heavy fall of snow, and that meant all other work would be dropped for sledding home the winter's wood, which had been cut at odd times during the fall.

As there were fifteen or twenty cords of it, the work would last nearly a week, provided the sledding remained good. It would be hard work, and the hours long; and from experience the elder boys did not show much animation. Fred, however, had never helped yet, and his eyes snapped with anticipation, as he watched his father.

But the farmer's first words dispelled any illusions he might have had.

'Now, boys, jump into your boots and wash up; then put down all the breakfast you can. We shan't get back until after dark. Tom, you'll take the steers, they're a little skittish; Joe'll take the red oxen, and I'll drive the spotted ones, they're hardest to manage. Will can help Joe, and Fred——where's Fred?

'Oh, there you are. Fred, you'll have to look out for all the barn and house chores till we're through. Don't forget anything, and be sure to keep your mother in plenty of stove-wood and chips. It's too bad weather for her to be out. Now, hustle, boys! Make the minutes count.'

Fred drew a long breath, but he did not say anything. It would be of no use.

He went with them to the barn and began his chores by the light of a lantern. When he had finished there, and turned the cattle out to water, and raked down hay for them from the stack, and looked after the poultry and the wood, and cut up turnips and pumpkins for the cows' midday meal, it was after ten o'clock.

He would have two hours before it was time to do the noon feeding, and after that perhaps two more before the night chores should be commenced. But in that time would have to come in the wood-chopping for the next day's fires, and such chores as his mother might have for him about the house.

So he went directly from the pumpkin cutting in the shed where the saw and sawhorse were kept. But as he was about to open the door, he heard an anxious,——

'Fred, oh, Fred, come here a minute!' from the house. Turning, he saw his mother at an open window, a letter in her hand.

'I don't know what to do about this, Fred,' she said, as he approached, 'it's the notice from the bank, and this is the last day for the interest to be paid. Your father must have forgotten it in his hurry to get into the woods. I found it a few minutes ago in his desk, and here's the thirty dollars in the envolope just as he put it in when the notice came. I heard him say then that the money must be got to the bank before it closed this afternoon.'

She looked at him doubtfully, adding:

'If it wasn't for the chores, and the bank being three miles off. You couldn't go through this snow and back in two hours, and your father never wants feeding put off, even for ten minutes. He says it hurts the cows.'

'The money must go,' said Fred, quickly; 'as for the chores—why, of course! I can go on the skees that Uncle George sent me. The snow is hard enough, and it's down hill all the way. I can go in ten or fifteen minutes; and if I hurry, I can walk back by noon. Give me the envelope.'

He fastened it securely in an inside pocket, then hurried after his skees. In another two minutes he was skimming swiftly down the slope.

But though it was easy going, it was not easy coming back.

'Why, Fred!' exclaimed his mother, 'you're all tired out.'

Fred tried to whistle, but failed.

'Yes, I am a little tired,' he acknowledged, dropping into a chair, 'but I don't mind it much. I've had a pretty good day. It's only when a fellow looks ahead and thinks about work that he dreads it. I——' But he stopped suddenly. He was sound asleep.

Soon after, the creaking of the returning sleds was heard. When Farmer Briggs and his boys came trooping in, Fred was still asleep.

'Poor little fellow,' said his mother, softly; 'he's worked just as hard as any of you, if he hasn't been in the woods.'—Frank H. Sweet, in 'The Child's Hour.'

Tom's Mistake.

On the station platform two men stood waiting for their train, says a writer in the 'Youth's Companion.' Another man, with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, was passing on his way to work. He was not more than fifty or fifty-five years old, but his gait was stiff and labored, and there was a pronounced stoop in the figure. His overalls, once brown, were lime-bleached and faded to a soft 'old rose,' and bagged dejectedly at the knees. The face under the weather-beaten cap was stolid and listless. As he slumped along in his heavy cowhide boots, he apparently embodied that most persistent and most pathetic figure which mediaeval Europe called the serf, and more modern Europe calls the peasant, and the census enumerator of America of to-day sets down as 'unskilled labor.' As he crossed the track the elder of the two men on the platform pointed him out to his companion. 'That man and I were schoolmates. He was not dull at his books, and ought to have made a better condition for himself in life.'

'What's the matter with him? Does he drink?' asked the younger man.

'No. Nothing of that kind has hindered him. When he was about fifteen years old he was offered a dollar a day to dig a cellar. This seemed large wages to him, and he left school and took the job. He was proud of his size and strength, and this offer made him feel so independent that he rather looked down on the rest of us boys. He never went back to school. He found work to do that required no technical skill, only muscle used under an overseer's direction, and he kept at it. I remember Judge Haines, one of the school committee, met Tom—his name is Tom Mahan—and said to him: "My boy, you are making a mistake and doing a foolish thing. If you must work, why don't you learn a trade?" "I'd have to give my time three or four years for nothing. What would be the use of that? I'm as strong as a man, and I'm getting man's wages now," said Tom. "Strong," said the judge. "Are you as strong as one of my horses? They work for their keep, but I have to pay the man that drives them thirty dollars a month besides his keep; and the man who shoes them gets three dollars a day. If strength counts for so much, I wonder the horses don't strike and look for a job laying bricks or carpentering." But Tom thought the judge was only joking with him. He couldn't see why he should give his time to learn a trade or some profitable business and work for nothing, as he said, when he could work for wages, and so he went his own way.'

'There are thousands like him,' said the other man. 'They never learn to do any special kind of business, and never seem to realize that the reason the trained blacksmith or the skilled carpenter, or the salesman, get higher wages than they do is because he has given time to learning to use his head, as well as his feet and hands. If boys would only keep the important fact in mind, that muscle—mere physical strength—is always one of the cheapest things in the labor market, and that so far as price is concerned it matters little whether a man furnishes it or a horse, there would be fewer men to be classed as "unskilled labor."'

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From Capital's Standpoint—'Springfield Republican.'
Why We Must Have a Greater Navy—By Captain Mahan, in 'Leslie's Weekly,' New York.
Captain Mahan on Naval Expansion—'The Times,' London.
The New Order of Merit—By Herbert W. Paul, in the 'Pall Mall Magazine,' London.
A Comparison in Crime—'The Daily News,' London.
The Voice of the Czar—'The Spectator,' London.
Municipal Socialism—IV.—'The Times,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

George Romney—By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., in 'Chambers's Journal,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Gratefulness—George Herbert.
A Thanksgiving to God for His House—Robert Herrick.
Miss Fowler's New Story—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Professor James on Religious Experience. Second notice—'The Pilot,' London.
The Flood of Books—By the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in the New York 'Times' Saturday Review of Books.'
The Fourth Century. By Dr. Bell, of Victoria University, in the 'McMaster University Monthly,' Toronto.
Some Forms of Address—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The New Hieroglyphic Script—'Academy and Literature,' London.
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Emmie's Birthday Cup.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

It was a blistering August day, but the big house standing on the quiet street, presented such a picture of summer luxuriance and beauty, one quite forgot the heat in the delight of gazing at it; that is, of course, if one were fortunate enough to pass that way. Fountains in the yard rippled into great bronze basins, ancient trees flung their grateful shade above a velvety lawn, while over the porch and at each one of the outside windows, the sturdy woodbine clung, forming a net-work so thick that even the penetrating sun was baffled. It was more delightful still in the sitting-room of the great house, for here, thick walls shut out the summer's heat as well as the winter's cold. It was a tasteful room as well, for handsome pictures hung on the frescoed walls, the leather lounge was piled high with cushions, there were foot rests for weary feet, and deep easy chairs everywhere.

Two people only were in the room to-day, mamma and Amy. Mamma sat in her low chair embroidering a tray cloth, while opposite her sat her little daughter, deep in "Timothy's Quest." In one corner of the room, and quite apart from the other furnishings, a little round table stood, covered with a snow white cloth embroidered with forget-me-nots. Upon this were placed, at little distances apart, various little cups and saucers, ten of them and all of different designs and shapes. There were fat dumpy little cups, graceful slender ones, cups with one handle, some with two. There were blue cups and gold cups, and cups with roses on them, and a little queer old-fashioned cup that bespoke at once of a Grandmother somewhere in the family.

If Amy had not been sitting there in plain view, one would, at coming in, have guessed directly that there must be a little girl in the house, for no one except a little girl could have ever brought together such a quaint and varied collection of dear childish little cups. There was one that Amy thought more of than all the rest. It was white and delicate and gold banded, and it was encircled with a graceful wreath of blue flowers, while below it was written in shining letters, these words 'Think of me.' It had been given her by Aunt May, who, casting about in despair for something new to add to her little niece's collection, had come across this in a queer little shop down town. She had straightway purchased and presented it, and strange to say, Amy had liked it better than any of the others.

It was very still in the pretty room this afternoon, for Amy usually such a little chatter-box was wholly absorbed in her book. Mamma looked up in a moment or two and smiled as loving mother's will, at the pretty picture she saw. 'What a dear, sweet little girl she is,' thought mamma to herself, but aloud, like a wise mother as she was, she said nothing.

YOU MAY HAVE ANY ONE YOU LIKE BEST.

Amy was twelve and she had brown hair, hazel-eyes and pink cheeks. She wore a pretty lace trimmed gingham dress, and low shoes tied with broad black ribbons. On the third finger of her plump little hand, she wore an opal and pearl ring, papa's present to her on her last birthday. It had only occurred a week ago, and what a happy, happy day it had been. There had been fruit and flowers given her, good wishes, and a great many kisses, and among her gifts were a dainty silver pencil case, a writing desk, a picture for her room, and her pretty opal ring.

The door opened suddenly and some one came in. Mamma and Amy both looked up at the same time, but it was only Maggy, the cook.

'Please, ma'am,' Maggy began, 'there's a woman and a little girl at the door, and they want to know if you can tell 'em anything about the family that lived next door. They've come in from the country with some butter and they're awful tired, they are.'

Mamma, always kind-hearted, rose quickly. 'Of course, I can,' she said, pleasantly; 'I happen to know just where they have moved. Send her in Maggy — no you needn't, either, I'll go and see her myself.'

Mamma and Maggy left the room together and Amy followed them. At the kitchen door stood a woman with a little girl about Amy's age, close by her side. The woman looked flushed and warm and tired, and her eyes were a good deal troubled.

The little girl looked very much like her mother except that her nose was freckled, and her eyes black instead of gray. She was a very pleasant little girl to look at, for her mouth turned up at the corners and her chin had a dimple in it. She looked at Amy admiringly, and Amy looked at her. They presented quite a contrast, for the little stranger had on a blue calico dress, coarse shoes, and a brown straw hat trimmed with a faded wreath of daisies.

'Can you tell me anything about the family next door?' began the woman with a quick look at mamma. 'I've brought some butter to them from the country, it's a long way, too; I didn't know they had moved.'

'Yes, they went away last week,' answered mamma, sympathetically. 'Their number is 1209 South Washington, nearly twenty blocks from here, I think.'

'Twenty blocks!' repeated the woman, looking more troubled still; 'why, that's a dreadful long way out, and it's so hot, too. I don't care so much for myself, I'm used to hardships, but my old horse is about tired out with the flies and heat; dear, dear.'

Mamma was as impulsive as a girl, in spite of her thirty-four years.

'Come in and rest awhile,' she said, cordially; 'it's cooler in the house, and, if you leave the butter here, I'll find some way to send it out to them. Do come in,' she entreated hospitably, 'you look so tired and Maggy shall make you some lemonade.'

The woman looked surprised and grateful and her warm flushed cheeks took on even a deeper hue.

'Thank you,' she said, 'I'll be real thankful to stop and rest for a minute or two, and if you could send the butter to Mrs. Higgins, it'll be a great favor. It's late in the afternoon now and we're twelve miles from home. It's been tiresome driving to-day,' she went on somewhat wearily; 'the dust is so deep and the sun so hot. You're more than kind ma'am.'

'It's nothing,' said mamma, gently, leading the way into the cool, quiet sitting-room. Arrived there, she put her guest into the very best chair the room afforded. The little girl followed Amy and sat down close by her, as if she, too, had found a friend.

Amy looked at her reassuringly and smiled. 'What is your name?' she asked gently.

The little girl with the black eyes looked at the little girl with the hazel ones, and answered shyly, 'Emily Dare, but father calls me Emmie.'

'Mine is Amy Dorrance,' replied Amy quickly, 'and I was twelve old a week ago to-day. How old are you?'

'Why, I'm twelve too,' cried the little girl, her black eyes shining, then she added more soberly, 'To-day is my birthday.'

'Your birthday, is it?' repeated Amy surprisedly. 'Why, I'm just a week older than you are; how funny. Did you get any presents? I did, lots of them.'

Amy repented of her question at once, for her little guest looked shyer than ever and her lip suddenly quivered. There was a short, embarrassing pause, when Amy, to turn the conversation into pleasanter channels, thought of her collection of china. 'Come over and see my cups and saucers,' she said in her brightest manner; 'I'm so proud of them.'

The little girl looked interested at once and followed Amy over to where they stood on the little white covered table.

'Are they all yours?' whispered Emily in an awed voice as she viewed them for the first time. 'Oh my, ain't they beauties?'

'Yes, they're all mine,' repeated Amy happily; 'I'm getting up a collection.'

A collection sounded very grand indeed to the little country girl, and she looked more impressed than ever.

'Which one do you like best?' asked Amy suddenly.

Emily's eyes rested admiringly on each one; on the gold one, the dumpy one, the slender one, the pink one, the blue one, the one with two handles, and the queer old-fashioned one that grandma had contributed, then, lastly, on Aunt May's with its wreath of blue flowers and its shining words of 'Think of me.' Here her gaze rested as if satisfied. She touched the cup very gently and reverently with one brown little hand. 'I like this one,' she said, timidly, her cheeks flushing in her eagerness; 'oh, I like this one best.'

'Why, so do I,' cried Amy smilingly, and then they fell to talking in good earnest and were soon well acquainted.

(To be continued.)

A Masquerade.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A little old woman before me
Went slowly down the street,
Walking as if aweary
Were her feeble tottering feet.

From under her old poke bonnet
I caught a gleam of snow,
And her waving capstring fluttered
Like a pennon to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle
Sudden her footstep caught,
And I sprang to keep her from falling
With a touch as quick as thought,

When under the old poke bonnet
I saw a winsome face
Framed in with the lint-white ringlets
Of the little maiden grace.

Mantle and cap together
Dropped off at my very feet,
And there stood the little fairy,
Beautiful, blushing, sweet.

Shall it be like this, I wonder,
When at last we come to stand
On the golden gleaming pavement
Of the blessed, blessed land?

Losing the rusty garments
We wore in the years of Time,
Shall our better selves spring backward
Serene, in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shapes that hid us
And made us old and gray,
Shall we get the child-heart back again
With a brightness that will stay?

I mused, and the little maiden
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine:
'I was only playing,' she whispered,
'That I was ninety-nine.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 9.

Joshua's Parting Advice

Josh. xxiv., 14-25. Commit vs. 14, 15. Read Josh. xxi., 43-24-33.

Golden Text.

'Choose you this day whom ye will serve.' Josh. xxiv., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 3.—Josh. xxiii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Nov. 4.—Josh. xxiv., 1-13.
Wednesday, Nov. 5.—Josh. xxiv., 14-25.
Thursday, Nov. 6.—Josh. xxiv., 26-33.
Friday, Nov. 7.—1 Kings xviii., 17-24.
Saturday, Nov. 8.—Phil. i., 8-21.
Sunday, No. 9.—Matt. vi., 24.34.

Lesson Text.

(14) Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord. (15) And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. (16) And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods; (17) For the Lord our God, he it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed: (18) And the Lord drave out from before us all the people, even the Amorites which dwelt in the land: therefore will we also serve the Lord; for he is our God. (19) And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord: for he is a holy God; he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins. (20) If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good. (21) And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord. (22) And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses. (23) Now therefore put away, said he, the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel. (24) And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. (25) So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem.

Condensed from Matthew Henry.

Never was any treaty carried on with better management, nor brought to a better issue, than this of Joshua's with the people, to engage them to serve God. He here puts them to their choice, not as if it were antecedently indifferent whether they served God or not, or as if they were at their liberty to refuse his service, but because it would have a great influence upon their perseverance in religion, if they embraced it with the reason of men and with the resolution of men. These two things he here brings them to.

He brings them to embrace their religion rationally and intelligently, for it is a reasonable service. The will of man is apt to glory in its native liberty, and, in a jealousy for the honor of that, adheres with most pleasure to that which is its own choice. Accordingly, Joshua fairly puts the matter to their choice, v. 15. He proposes the candidates that stand for the election. The Lord, Jehovah, on one side, and on the other side, either the gods of their ancestors, which would pretend to recommend themselves to those who were fond of antiquity, and that which was received by tradition from their fathers; or the gods of their neighbors, the Amorites, in whose land they dwelt, which would insinuate themselves into the affections of those that were complaisant and fond of good fellowship. He supposes there were those of whom, upon some account or other, it would seem evil to serve the Lord. There are prejudices and objections which some people raise against religion, which, with those that are inclined to the world and the flesh, have great force. It seems evil to them, hard and unreasonable, to be obliged to deny themselves, mortify the flesh, take up their cross, etc. But beginning in the state of probation, it is fit there should be some difficulties in the way, else there were no trial. He refers it to themselves, 'Choose ye whom ye will serve, choose this day, now that the matter is laid thus plainly before you, speedily bring it to a head, and do not stand hesitating.' Elijah, long after this, referred the decision of the controversy between Jehovah and Baal to the consciences of those with whom he was treating, 1 Kings xviii., 21. Joshua's putting of the matter here to this issue, plainly intimates that it is the will of God we should every one of us make religion our serious and deliberate choice. Let us state the matter impartially to ourselves, weigh things in an even balance, and then determine for that which we find to be really true and good. Let us resolve on a life of serious godliness, not merely because we know no other way, but because really, upon search, we find no better. Joshua directs their choice in this matter, by an open declaration of his own resolutions. As for me, I will serve the Lord. The service of God is nothing below the greatest of men; it is so far from being a diminution and disparagement to princes and those of the first rank to be religious, that it is their greatest honor, and adds the brightest crown of glory to them. Observe how positive he is, 'I will serve God.' It is no abridgment of our liberty to bind ourselves with a bond to God. Secondly, For his house, that is, his family, his children, and servants, such as were immediately under his eye and care, his inspection and influence. Joshua was a ruler, a judge in Israel, yet he will not make his necessary application to public affairs an excuse for the neglect to family-religion. Those that have the charge of many families, as magistrates and ministers, must take special care of their own, 1 Tim. iii., 4-5.

The matter being thus put to their choice, they immediately determine it by a free, rational and intelligent, declaration, for the God of Israel, against all competitors whatsoever, v. 16-18. Here, they concur with Joshua in this resolution, being influenced by so great a man, who had been so great a blessing to them. Thus they repeat to themselves Joshua's sermon, and then express their sincere compliance with the intentions of it.

Joshua sets before them the difficulties of religion, and that in it, which might be thought discouraging, Ye cannot serve the Lord, for he is a holy God. Certainly Joshua does not intend hereby to deter them from the service of God as impracticable and dangerous. But, he thus expresses his godly jealousy over them, and his fear concerning them, that, notwithstanding the professions they now made of zeal for God and his service, they would afterward draw back, and if they did, they would find him just and jealous to avenge it. Or, Joshua thus urges on them the seeming discouragements which lay in their way, that he might sharpen their resolutions, and draw from them a promise yet more express and solemn, that they would continue faithful to God and their religion. He draws it from them that they might catch at it the more earnestly, and hold it the faster.

Notwithstanding this statement of the difficulties of religion, they declare a firm and fixed resolution to continue and persevere therein, v. 21. This resolution they repeat with an explication,: v. 24. 'The Lord our God will we serve, not only be called his servants, but our religion shall rule us in every thing, and his voice will we obey.' And in vain do we call him Master and Lord, if we do not the things which he saith. Luke vi., 46.

The service of God being thus made their deliberate choice, Joshua binds them to it by a solemn covenant, v. 25. Moses had twice publicly ratified this covenant between God and Israel, at Mount Sinai, Exod. xxiv., and in the plains of Moab, Deut. xxix., 1. Joshua had likewise done it once, ch. viii., 31, etc., and now the second time. It is here called a statute and an ordinance, because of the strength and perpetuity of its obligations; and because even this covenant bound them to no more than what they were antecedently bound to by the divine command.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 9.—Topic—God's covenant and ours. Ex. xxiv., 3-8. (Pledge meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM NAAMAN.

Monday, Nov. 3.—What a little maid did. 2 Kings v., 1, 4.

Tuesday, Nov. 4.—Health or wealth? 2 Kings v., 5.

Wednesday, Nov. 5.—Forgetting God's prophet. 2 Kings v., 6, 8.

Thursday, Nov. 6.—Pride. 2 Kings v., 9, 13.

Friday, Nov. 7.—God's power. 2 Kings v., 14.

Saturday, Nov. 8.—The contented prophet. 2 Kings v., 15, 16.

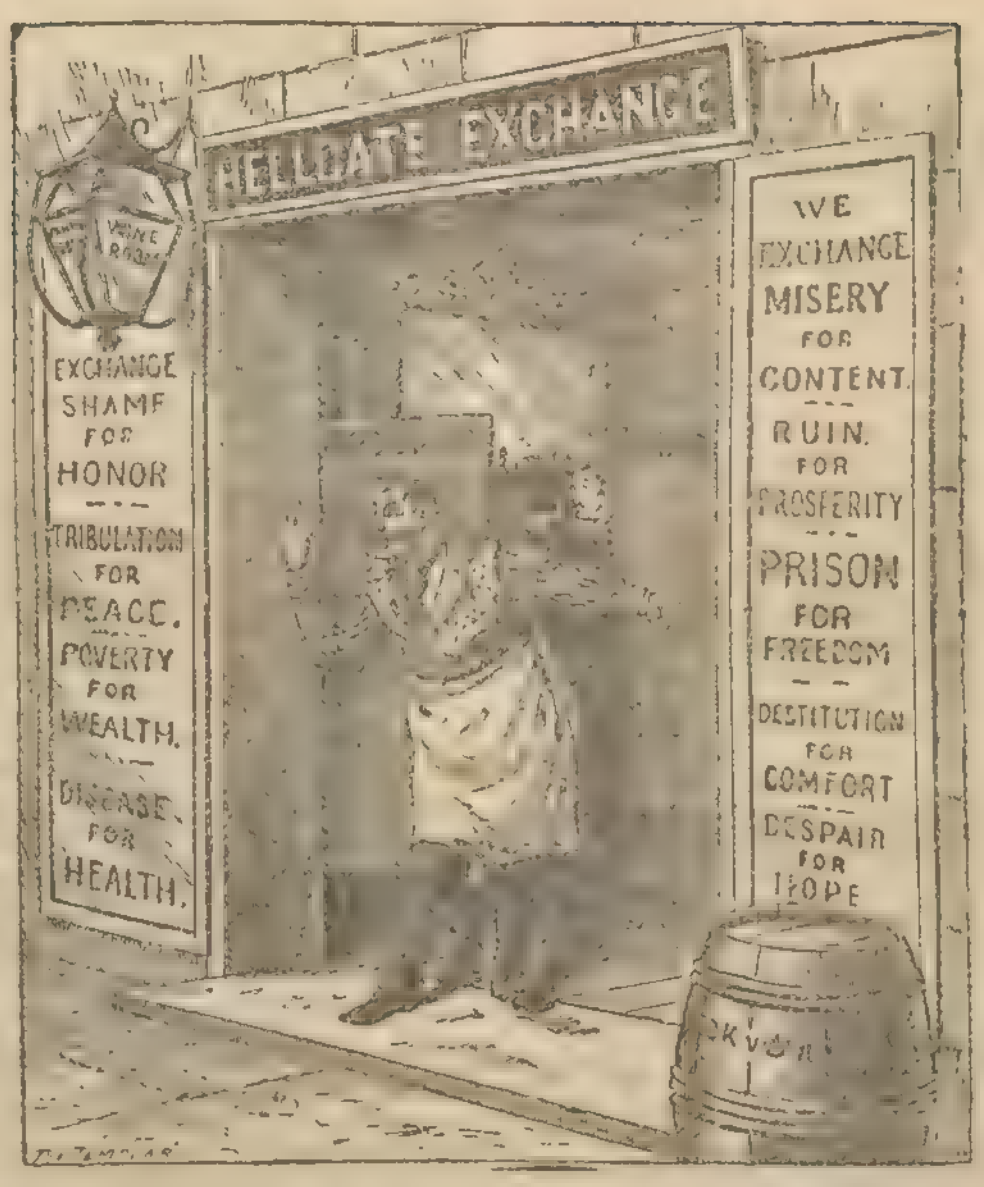
Sunday, Nov. 9.—Topic—Old Testament miracles. VI. Lessons from Naaman. 2 Kings v., 9, 14.

The Need of Family Training.

(Rev. F. B. Meyer.)

The story of Eli suggests a very serious inquiry for those who take a prominent position in the Church, and before the world, but who neglect their own families. We are held responsible for our children. Our weakness in restraining them is sin, which will be inevitably followed, not only by their punishment, but by our own. Better do less in the Church and the world, than allow your children to grow up a misery to themselves and a reproach to you. Remember that one essential qualification for office in the primitive Church, was the wise and wholesome rule of house and children. If a man could not keep his children in subjection, with all gravity, and rule his house well, he surely could not know how to take care of the house of God (1 Tim. iii., 4, 12). Probably Eli had not begun early enough. The wise parent will begin training children from their earliest months, to say nothing of years; and the early strain of careful observation and chastisement may well be lightened and eased by remembering that the child who from the earliest is trained in God's way will not depart from it when he is old.

Above all, let us seek the conversion of our young children to God. The Apostle distinctly affirms that God will give us life for those who sin not unto death; and this description is, above all, applicable to little children. Surely he will not be unrighteous to forget the tears and prayers, or to overlook the faith, of those who travail a second time till Christ is formed in the hearts of their offspring. As the child of godly parents, who cannot date the hour of my conversion, because the love of God stole over my heart in early boyhood, like the dawn of a summer sky, I put my seal to that word of God as true: 'My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, from henceforth and for ever.' (Isa. lix., 21, and 1 John v., 16).



What the Liquor Traffic Is.

(The 'A. T. World.')

The alcoholic liquor traffic is our country's direst foe, and the greatest enemy of mankind. It is the dark River of Death overflowing and spreading ruin, disaster, and desolation everywhere in its blighting course. It is the great Gulf Stream of corruption and immorality; it is the Maelstrom of devouring destruction; it is the Tidal Wave of woe; it is an ever-present Deluge: it is the Dead Sea of social pollution; it is a House of Bondage; it is a Plague which afflicts the people more than the famous ten plagues afflicted the Egyptians. It is the 'abomination that maketh desolate,' 'the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' It is a Golgotha, a Dismal Swamp, a Slough of Despond, a By-Path Meadow, a Doubting Castle, a Giant Despair. It is the Moloch of Christianity; the British Juggernaut. It is a withering Simoon, a sirocco, a tornado, a cyclone, combined in one devastating whirlwind. It is the all-prevailing antagonist of clergyman and missionary, and it mocks and turns to ridicule our Christian civilization. It depresses, paralyzes, and blights legitimate trade and business. It makes the millions become poor, while it makes the distiller and brewer grow rich. It is more destructive to golden grain, which should be food for the people, than all the myriads of destructive insects. It is the cause of ninety-five percent of the pauperism, for which heavy taxes have to be paid. It makes almost all the business for the criminal courts. It is itself the gigantic crime of crimes. It requires an army of police to deal with only a part of its terrible effects, and it occasionally demoralizes part of the police also. It fills the jails, lunatic asylums, and poorhouses; it provides work for the hangman. The cemeteries are crowded with its victims. It wrecks many a home, and drives whole families into degradation and rags. It is the dread of fathers and the sorrow of mothers. It kills more people annually than war, pestilence, and famine combined. It is Satan's greatest instrumentality for the destruction of the human race.

Intemperance.

(The 'Religious Telescope.')

Think one moment, my dear friends of the misery and untold woe caused by the 'bane of the American people,' rum. Many a home that once was cheerful and happy has been made desolate by it. Many are the hopes that are forever blasted by that dreaded curse. Alas! think of the poor, innocent little children whose fair intellects are hopelessly blighted because they cannot raise themselves above their names, which have been disgraced and dishonored by an intemperate, cruel father. Think of the once hopeful intellects of men which are degraded, when, if they had never been led away by the enticing bowl they might have been shining lights for the uplifting of fallen, debased man. Think of the tender hearts that have been broken. Where happiness should reign supreme, misery and woe stalk proudly about, blighting the hopes, future and lives of many a young, noble, useful woman, whose name should be a blessing to the community. No love can there be where dreaded intemperance reigns.

But still, why do bright, noble, useful young women give their precious hands in marriage to men who are debased by liquor? Do they do it because of ignorance of those facts? No, not always. Many young, noble women have I known to marry drunkards when these cold facts actually stared them in the face. Why do they do it, I repeat? It seems to me if every young woman would absolutely refuse to be in company with such debased young men that would be one more great step towards temperance. Young women beware! You are heaping coals of fire on your noble heads when you marry a drunkard. Woe and misery are waiting to descend upon you. Live alone all your lives in preference to being the wife of a drunkard. Besides ruining your life, you thereby blight the hopes of your innocent children, if you are blessed with such. If mothers would exert a greater influence over their sons in youth, and young ladies would absolutely refuse to marry low, vile drunkards, Queen Temperance would gloriously reign, and misery and woe would turn sadly away to die. We would be a nation purer and stronger, and more precious, tender feet would be treading the pearly stones of the path that leads to eternal rest.

Sheldon's Ideal Political Policy.

In an article entitled, 'The Political Party I Should Like to See Organized,' in 'The Christian Endeavor World,' Charles M. Sheldon, author of 'In His Steps,' has this to say:—

I should like to see a party that would start out at once after its declaration of 'The kingdom of God first' with a platform that recognized the greatest needs of the entire nation, to start with; and among them would certainly be the need of abolishing the twin curses of the saloon and the gambling-house.

What President of the United States, elected by any party, has ever recommended to Congress the need of abolishing the greatest curse resting upon the entire people? Our presidents, in their annual messages, call attention, first and last, to a great many evils. They ask Congress to take action in respect to a great many things relating to the nation's welfare; but who of all the presidents has yet in his message touched upon the fact that the saloon and all it represents is a greater menace to the nation's welfare than any other one thing?

The political party that I should like to see organized could not avoid this plain issue. It would stand very close to the head of the column in the platform representing the party's ideals on the welfare of the people.

It astonishes me, after all these years which began with Noah and have continued ever since, that a Christian nation like ours has not voiced, through its highest representative, the need on the part of the whole nation of annihilating this enemy of civilization, which wastes more treasure, beggars more working men, blasts more homes, ruins more human life than civil war, or invading armies, or fire and pestilence and accident put together.

The first president of the United States who will have the courage and statesmanship to embody in his annual message to Congress a firm and clear statement of the facts connected with the source of crime, disease, poverty, sin, caused by the drink traffic, will be the president entitled to the thankful prayers of an entire republic. He will be the second Great Emancipator.

The political party I should like to see organized, if it elected its president, would elect such a man. His message could no more be silent in regard to this awful wrong done to the people than it could be silent concerning the fact of a national calamity in the form of a pestilence which was wiping out millions of the inhabitants annually.

A Novel War-Cry.

An Anti-Cigarette League has been formed amongst boys in the United States. Each would-be member signs a pledge binding himself to abstain from tobacco until he reaches the age of twenty-one.

On the reverse of the pledge is the following novel and amusing verse which the boys of the league shout together:

'Hear us yell, hear us yell,
We are the Boys of the A. C. L.
Hear us yell, hear us yell,
We are the Boys of the A. C. L.
Cigarettes must go—
We Boys say so.'

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Correspondence

Middle Coverdale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the Peticodiac River, where the bore comes up. I go to school and am in the third book. For pets I have two dogs and four cats; one of my dogs is a pug dog, and one of my cats has six paws. My birthday is on the 15th of May.

INAI V. M. (Age 10.)

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—As I saw my last letter in print, I will write again. Last time I wrote it was winter, but now it is summer, and the weather is nice and warm. In June the river was very high, all the people who live near the river had to move out of their houses the water was so high. I like to go to Sunday School very much, and I enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' I read all of the story in the 'Messenger,' called '20 per-cent.' I have also read many books, such as 'Titus,' 'Our Rosie,' 'What love can do,' Christie's Christmas,' and others. Our minister's name is Dr. McRay. He is very nice. Our superintendent at Sunday School, Mr. Creighton, died last week. He was a good man, and we are all very sorry to lose him, but we know he has gone to a better home. From here you can see the tops of the Rocky Mountains, although they are about fifty miles away. We used to live in Ontario before we came out here. When we were on the way we saw some things which were not in Ontario. At first the prairie seemed so strange, and as we had not seen Indians like these here we were a little frightened at first. Now we have been here nearly three years and are getting used to such things. I have five little chickens and three big hens. We had a nice parade on Coronation Day. All the school children got a medal each with a picture of our King and Queen.

ANNIE M. W.

Souris, Man.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible, and it is very nice. I moved from Lacombe to Souris and like it very much. I am nine years old and go to school, and Sunday School, and like my teacher very much.

B. B.

Culberson, N.C.,

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this little town I thought I would write a few lines. I don't have pets like other children, for papa and mamma are missionaries and we are spending our lives for the Lord. I am a Christian and wish everybody would be a Christian too. Papa is the editor of 'Sampson's Foxes.' We are going to build a home for orphans. This is a faith work, and I hope all the dear readers of the 'Messenger' will pray that God will supply all our needs, that we may carry it on to His glory. I will close; from

HALEY TOMLINSON.

Calistoga, Calif.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. I just returned from the geysers.

The geysers are in a canyon. We camped on a mountain above them. Papa and my brother went hunting and killed a deer. The next day we went to the geysers. It was so hot we burned our feet. I read the letters in the devil's post office and sat in his arm chair. The steamboat geyser is the largest. When you stamp on the ground it sounds hollow. Steam comes up everywhere. I am 13 years old.

MAUD T.

Forester's Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' I thought I would write. I go to school; my teacher's name is Miss Brown. I am in the fourth reader at school. I was twelve years old on January 8. I live in a beautiful country on a farm. I have one sister, her name is Ray; and one brother, his name is Samuel. I cannot brag about pets as some can. I have one cat, his name is Tabbie, and one dog, his name is Watch. I go to two Sunday Schools, the Methodist and Presbyterian. I have two miles and a half to go to school. One day papa was in the field near a creek, when he saw a big black bear sitting beside a tree, and there were some men working across the creek from him and he told them about the bear, and they went and got a gun and fired at him, but missed him. He ran up the creek and they lost sight of him.

ELLA H. RANKIN.

Brownsville.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and no brothers. We live on a farm in Brownsville. The M. C. R. railway runs through our farm. Our school has started this week, but I did not go because I was sick. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, especially for the stories. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same day as mine, which is the 12th of March. I will answer any one who writes to me. My address is

EULA B. WILKINSON,
Brownsville, Ont.

Cannes, Richmond Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We had a very wet summer here this year, and it was hard for the farmers to get their hay made. The crops are very good here this year. We had a very big freshet not long ago. It destroyed nearly all the bridges on the brooks and overflowed on the lowlands. There is a railway in course of construction through here now. Thirty miles of it is completed. It is being built from Point Tupper to Louisburg by way of St. Peters. Our minister's name is Rev. A. McMillan. I am twelve years old.

MABEL McL.

Lasalle, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have taken your paper for a number of years. It was given to my brother as a present from my grandma. I have been reading the correspodence page for a long time, and I think it interesting to read the letters from the different parts of the country.

We live on our farm on the Lasalle River; it is a beautiful place. Lasalle is only a small village a mile from our farm, but we are only sixteen miles from Winnipeg, and we often drive there.

Our home used to be in Minto, but we moved out here in the spring. We like it fine up here. We have caught so many fish and picked a lot of strawberries. There are many people up here who keep great herds of cattle; there are no snakes and very few grasshoppers. I am glad that we have no snakes because I am afraid of them. The crops here were very heavy and harvesting is nearly over, and we are having fine dry weather. I have three brothers and one sister. I have one pet, a little pug dog, his name is Tiny. I go to school and am in the seventh grad

F. M. M. (Aged 12.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' but as I did not see my letter in the paper I thought I would write again.

My father is the superintendent of the Central Mission School, and he gets the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and I like it very much. I have one sister and one brother. I have no pets, but my sister has a rabbit; she had two, but one got killed. I go to school and am in the junior fourth grade. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on the 18th of Jan. We live at the foot of the mountain, and we often go up for little picnics. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, but it is closed just now for the summer.

MARY N.

Kars, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have written to your paper once before and I thought I would write again. As our vacation holidays are over I am glad to get back to take up my new studies. I passed from the third to the fourth grade and will be preparing for the entrance the following year. Five from our school wrote this year and all passed, which speaks very highly for our teacher, Mr. C. Kerr. I attend the Methodist Sunday School, which is very large, about seventy-five being in attendance each Sunday. We had a union Sunday School picnic, which was enjoyed by all. The sports were as follows:—Baseball, football, jumping and running races. The girls ran a race and I came out ahead. My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger' and we all enjoy reading it.

CORA M. S.

Florenceville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, nine years old the 3rd of April. I go to school about every day, but as I have a mile to go I can't go all the time when the weather is bad. I go to school at Connell, and our school house is right on the bank of the St. John River, the prettiest river in New Brunswick. About ten rods above our school house the Big Presqu'ile stream joins the river, and over that stream there is a large bridge, with four piers. We had a very sad accident just below that bridge recently. I saw the sad sight of one of my school-mates drown. Ward Smith, nine years old, with his brother Willie, eleven years old, and my brother, Rex Stephenson, twelve years, untied a catamaran from the place it was moored and got on it, and it began to go out from the shore. My brother jumped off of it, and Willie Smith jumped, but Ward ran to the other side of the raft, and then he ran back, and the other boys and girls on shore called, jump, Ward, and he said: 'The water is over my head by this time.' The catamaran was forty feet from the shore, but he jumped and he tried to swim, and some of the boys ran for help, and some of the others tried to reach him by wading out, but the water was twenty feet deep between him and them, and he went down and came up twice, and he just went down the last time when help came and the men waded out and looked and they couldn't see him. My papa came with a boat from the island, a mile below, where he was building a boom. About an hour from the time the boy was drowned they found him in four feet of water, and his cap had never come off. When they lifted him out of the water they gave him right to his father. He and the mother were both there. There were twenty-two of us children also there. I am writing this to warn other boys about going on rafts, for our teacher and our parents warned us to keep off rafts, but they went on that day and Ward was drowned. Our school was very sad after he was buried, and we miss him all the time. He was our next neighbor; his house and mine are only 30 rods apart. My brother Rex came pretty near being drowned last spring. I have two sisters, one is 17 and one is 18 years old, and I have two brothers, one 12 and the other 4 years old. I have a canary, his name is Peter, and he can sing beautifully. My sister has one also, his name is Bob, and is a fine singer; one hangs in one end of the house and the other in the kitchen, and they just screech sometimes. You can't hear a word any one speaks. I have two cats. Dumphy is the tiger cat. He is a beauty and a great mouser, and Topsy is lazy, but he will catch a mouse pretty quick. My sister had two lovely coon kittens given to her last fall, but they took the catail and both died. I felt so sorry. Their names were Jack and Jill. We have two big dogs, their names are Prince and Nero. I have 18 cousins. We live right above the river. My papa works on the river every summer. We have a farm, too. I was in Saco, Maine, a year, with my aunt. My mama was sick, and my aunt took me there to her place. I saw the sea there and used to go in bathing. I had a ride in an automobile. I came home last fall. I went to school out there. I want some little girls to write to me. My address is:

FAY M. STEPHENSON,
Florenceville, N.B.

(This is an excellent letter.—Ed.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints on Hsalth,

The Position of the Head in Sleep.—Custom has imposed the use of the bolster and the pillow, but it does not of necessity follow that they are advantageous or conducive to sound sleep. Physiologically, we are entitled to entertain a doubt, seeing that physiologists are still unable to state authoritatively whether the brain in sleep is congested or anaemic. The general experience is that the lower the head the deeper the sleep, and vice versa. Apart from morbid conditions which render it impossible to some persons to sleep with the head low, conditions which vary ad infinitum from the mere preference for a thick bolster to positive physical causes, and, possibly, physiological conformation, render the head-low position in bed intolerable to some. It is urged against the use of these supports that they inflict a constrained position of the neck, which interferes with the passage of blood to and from the brain, and contracts the thorax. On the other hand, unless one lies on the back it is obvious that the neck must be uncomfortably curved in the absence of a pillow, far more so than would result from even a very thick bolster. On the whole, it would seem that in order to obtain sleep as deep and as reposeful as possible, we ought to aim at having the head as low as is consistent with actual comfort. To submit to absolute discomfort in view of a problematical and much disputed advantage is not an experiment that will commend itself to the majority of mankind.—'Medical Press.'

Peach Trifle.—Put a layer of sliced and sweetened peaches in a deep glass dish and cover with a thick layer of sponge cake crumbs. Pour over this a soft, rich custard while yet warm, reserving the whites of two eggs, to which add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and beat until perfectly stiff. Spread this over the custard and keep on ice until time to serve.

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The most popular and fascinating game that has appeared in many years. All the rage in large cities. Young and old enjoy it equally. Complete Outfit, consisting of dividing net with posts and clamps, two regulation bats, two genuine celluloid balls and full instructions given free for selling at 15c. each only 6 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. You can easily sell it and earn this interesting and delightful game in a few minutes. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 423, Toronto.

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GIRLS, LOOK!

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings and lace trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy Princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. Given free for selling at 15c. each only 6 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can easily sell the 6 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. N.D., Toronto.

Earn This Watch

by selling at 15c. each only 7 beautiful 14k. Gold finished Stone Set Stick Pins and helping us to get a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., of so fine a quality and brilliant a finish that only an expert could tell them from real gems. They look easily worth ten times what we ask, and at our price only 15c. go like wildfire. This handsome watch has polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. Write to-day and we will send the stick pins postpaid. THE PIN CO., DEPT. 400, TORONTO.

97 PIECES FREE

Dinner and Tea Set, elegantly decorated English China, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all 97 full size Pieces of handsome decorated China given away for selling at 15c. each only 16 beautiful 14k. Gold finished Stone Set Stick Pins and helping us to secure a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., of so fine a quality and brilliant a finish that only an expert could tell them from real gems. They look easily worth ten times what we ask and at our price, 15c. go like wildfire. You can earn this handsome Dinner and Tea Set in a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we send Stick Pins postpaid. Don't miss this chance. Pin Co., Dept. 428, Toronto

STEEL AIR RIFLE FREE

given for selling at 10c. each only 10 Wonderful Glass Pens and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. They sell easily everywhere. This all steel long-distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickelled barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, shoots shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Just the thing for small game and target practice. Write to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. THE TOLEDO PEN Co., Dept 426 Toronto.

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40-PIECE TEA SET

FREE 40-Piece China Tea Set—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. A regular $5.00 Set. Given for selling at 15c. each only 10 14k. Golden Stone Set Lockets and helping us to secure a few more agents. These beautiful Friendship Hearts are three times the size of the picture and are each set with a brilliant imitation precious stone. They are used to contain miniature photographs of lovers, sweethearts or very dear friends. They look well worth 50c. Millions have already been sold in the large cities. Write to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid, THE AGENTS TRADING CO., DEPT 411, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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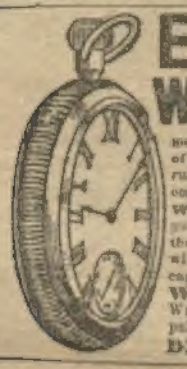
14 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and peers about cautiously, then slowly gets upon its feet and seeming to hear the music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**



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by selling at 10c. each only **10 Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back elaborately engraved, with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last 10 years.** Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 406, Toronto, Ont.**

EARN THIS MAGIC LANTERN

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given for selling at 15c. each, only 10 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation, Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds, etc. and helping us to get a few more agents. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write to-day for Hat Pins and we will send them, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. Box N.C. Toronto.**

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FREE 40-Piece China Tea Set

12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5 00 Set.** Given for selling at 10c. each only 15 large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. You can earn this Tea Set in a few minutes. THOS. BARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the perfume postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., DEPT. 411. TORONTO**

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For selling at 15c. each, only 10 handsome pieces of Jewelry Stick Pins, Brooches, Lockets, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of Jewelry to be worth 50c. At our price 15c. **everybody buys.** This splendid gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel (taper choked-bore), rifle bored, high polished, hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $6.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free in exchange for a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 403, Toronto.

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Handsome Velours Tufted Couch Given for selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman will buy one or more packages. This elegant and stylish Couch has frame of best selected hardwood, mahogany finish, finest tempered steel springs, full deep spring edge, head and seat, stuffed with best excelsior, upholstered in high quality, fast-toned figured velours in all the latest colors, as desired, dark and myrtle green, peacock blue, maroon, old rose, crimson, etc. **Deep Tufting, full roll head,** ornamental rosettes, a magnificent piece of furniture that will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. We trust you. **HOME SUPPLY CO. BOX N.C., Toronto.**

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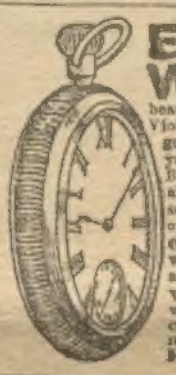
FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

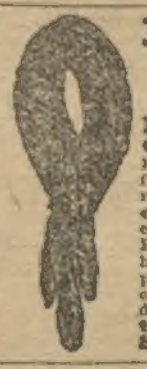
Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 3 chords. This popular Instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 18 selections, given for selling at 15c. each only 8 Canadian Home Cook Books and helping us to get a few more agents. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. We send you the Cook Books on credit, but as a proof of good faith and to show that you mean business we require a deposit of 1c. on each book, or 8c. in all, which you may keep out of the $1.20 received for the 8 books. Send your order and 8c. deposit to-day. You can easily sell the Cook Books in a few minutes. Every housekeeper buys one. 20,000 sold already. **Home Specialty Co., Dept. 429 Toronto**

EARN THIS WATCH



by selling at 10c. each only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. Its fragrance lasts for years. **Nothing sells like it.** Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last 10 years.** Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **You can** sell it and **earn this watch in a few minutes ROSE PERFUME CO.,** Dept 400, **Toronto.**

FUR RUFF FREE



Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at 15c. each only 8 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Stick Pins, Lockets, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can sell the 8 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. N. K. F. Toronto**

FREE LADY'S WORK BOX

Made of highly polished hard wood, handsomely decorated with flowers and leaves, butterflies and scroll work; all in beautiful colors, with satin pincushion, bodkin, needle-case, embroidery scissors and splendid mirror. Given for selling at 10c. each only 9 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing so like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 418, Toronto**

GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and lace trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at 15c. each only 6 beautiful 14k. Gold-Finished Stick Pins and helping us to get a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c. and at our price, only 15c., **go like wildfire.** Write to-day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. **THE PIN CO., DEPT. 425, TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE

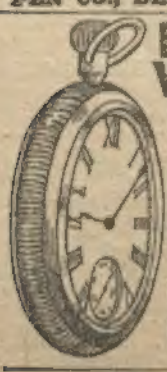
GOLD WATCH
LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful Watch. Looks **worth $ 60.00**. We give it for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz.** fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation **Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds,** etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. **Our Hat Pins** look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** You can **earn this elegant watch in a few minutes.** Write to-day and we will send Hat Pins, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. BOX N. H., TORONTO**

FREE

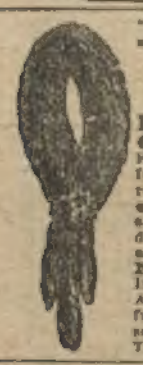
STEAM FIRE ENGINE made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with brass nozzle, given for selling at **15c.** each only 6 Diamond Collar Buttons with richly engraved Gold-finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **The Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 420, Toronto**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON Finely finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, bellows cushioned corners, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at **10c** each only **10 wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** You can easily earn this accordeon in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO, ONT.**



EARN THIS WATCH
by selling at **10c** each only **10** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** This handsome watch has finished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **You can** sell them and **earn this watch in a few minutes. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 400 TORONTO, Ontario.**

WALKING DOLL FREE
for selling at **10c.** each only **10** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." And **wonderful Walking Doll** is beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 419, Toronto

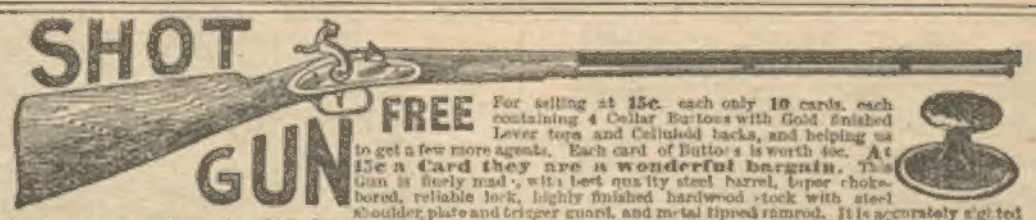


FUR RUFF FREE
Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at 15c. each only one doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **We trust you.** The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. **408** Toronto

FREE 8-KEY CORNET Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling at **10c.** each only **8 wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **The Toledo Pen Co., Dept 413 Toronto**

MORRIS CHAIR EASILY EARNED
by selling at **10c.** each, only **2 doz.** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman buys one or more packages. This handsome **Reclining** Chair is made of the finest Golden Oak, highly polished, upholstered in rich velours with handsome patterns in light, dark or medium colors. The cushions are deeply tufted, all-wool filled and the back can be adjusted to any position. This magnificent piece of furniture will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders, postpaid. We trust you. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. N.M. TORONTO, ONT.**

SHOT GUN FREE



For selling at **15c.** each only **10** cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons with Gold finished Lever tops and Celluloid backs, and helping us to get a few more agents. Each card of Buttons is worth 40c. **At 15c a Card they are a wonderful bargain.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. The Goldaked Co., Dept. 403, Toronto.

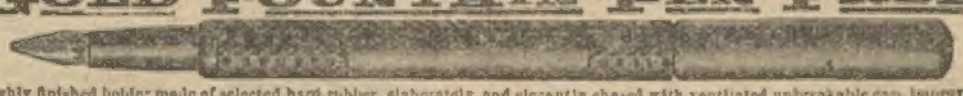
FREE VIOLIN

Complete with strings and bow. **Powerful, sweet toned,** genuine Stradivarius model, full size. Made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings. **Given absolutely free** for selling at **10c.** each only **10 Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** You can easily earn this Grand Concert Violin in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens, postpaid. The Toledo Pen Co., Dept. 406, Toronto, Ont.

FREE TWO SUPERB RINGS

Both beautifully gold-finished, one set with 3 large handsome Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow, and the other set with 3 fiery, flashing, rich, red Rubies in fancy claw settings. **We give both these handsome Rings** for selling at **10c.** each only **9** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to secure a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume. Its fragrance lasts for years.** You can easily earn both these Rings in a few minutes. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume, postpaid. The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 409, Toronto.

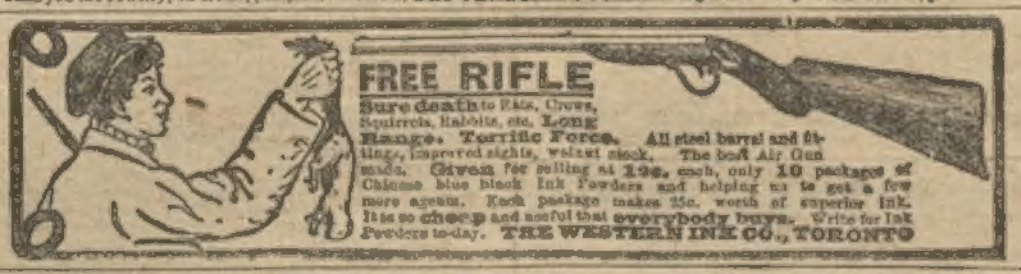
97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET
Elegantly decorated English China. 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for selling only 2 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, and helping us to secure a few more Agents. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. You can sell the whole 2 doz. packages in a few minutes. Every house-keeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the **97 Pieces** are **full size** for family use. All you have to sell is 2 doz. 10c. packages of our wonderful Flavoring Powders. **We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this Chance. The Home Supply Co., Box N. T. Toronto.**

GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

Highly finished holder made of selected hard rubber, elaborately and elegantly chased with ventilated unbreakable cap, improved feed, and genuine **Real Solid Gold Nib.** A handsome Pen good for years of constant use. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at **15c.** each only **2 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved Gold finished lever tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this elegant Gold Fountain Pen in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 407, Toronto

LADY'S or GENT'S

FREE $40.00 BICYCLE

Brand new, Lady's or Gent's, 1902 model. Not one cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, rolled rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearings throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling only **3** doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only **15c.** each, and helping us to get a few more agents. Please **remember,** you have to sell only $3.60 worth of Jewelry. **The Bicycle will cost you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. Frank Clewess, Tara, Ont." Write to-day, and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Box N. B, Toronto.**



FREE RIFLE
Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only **10** packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE WESTERN INK CO., TORONTO**

FREE—40-Piece China Tea Set.
12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set.** Full size for family use. Given for selling at 15c. each only **10** handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Lockets, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At **15c.** each you can easily sell the 10 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 411, Toronto, Ontario.**

Silk 2c.
Remnants from Tie Factories. All new choice material, bright new patterns, endless varieties of colors. All pieces of good size for fancy work. To prove that we are offering a great bargain we will mail samples free to any one who will send a 2-cent stamp to pay the postage. When you see the Silk we know you will be sure to send us a good sized order. Home Supply Co., Dept. N.S Toronto, Ont.

FREE

GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE
Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00. We give it** for selling at **10c.** each, only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. **Everybody buys our perfume.** Write to-day and we will send it postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 410, Toronto**

BOY'S PRINTER
A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 25c., postpaid. The Novelty Co. Box 401 Toronto.

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET
Given for selling at **10c** each only **9 Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more Agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a Complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1-screw driver, 2-nut cracker, 3-hoof cleaner, 4-punch, 5-corkscrew, 6-tweezers, 7-probe, 8-big blade, 9-little blade. A strong, well finished knife, made in Sheffield of the best quality English steel, with shining handle and name plate. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 04, TORONTO, ONT.**

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